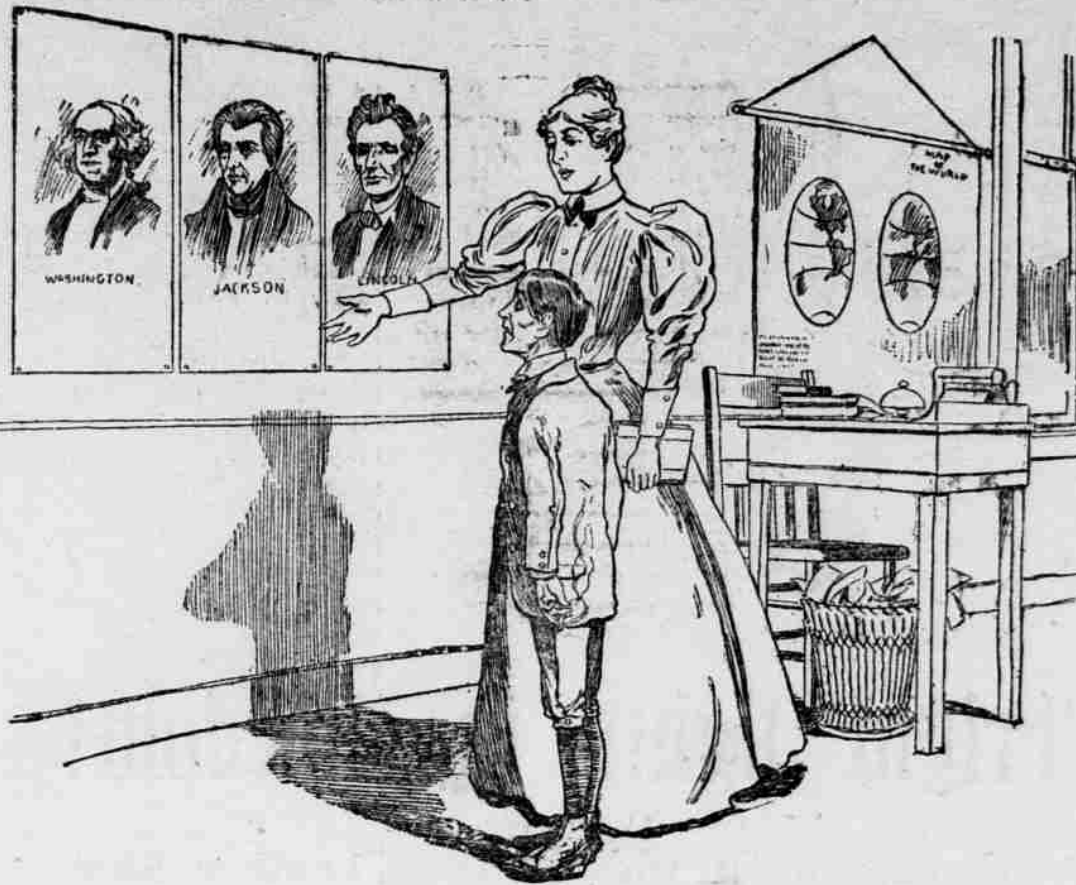


DECLINED WITH THANKS.



She—Do you write poetry?
He—The editors say not.

A LESSON FOR YOUNG AMERICA.



"These Men Did Not Smoke Cigarettes."—Chicago Tribune.

THE ACADEMIC KITCHEN.

Art of Cooking Will Soon Be Universally Taught.
(Written for The Times.)

Mrs. Richards has been discoursing upon the old but ever timely subject of school lunches, and predicts that perfectly appointed kitchens will soon be included in the plans of every school building—Morning paper.

All hail, all hail, most dear kind-hearted dame,
You're now the object of the schoolboy's love.

He loves the tender halo of your name
For picking lobster salad far above
The soggy sandwich, and the broiled wood dove.

Above the saline pickle which no more
Shall fill his rubber stomach like a glove,
He's like a dreamer on a sunlit shore,
Who sees his ship come in laden with gold and glory.

Now when he wrestles with arithmetic
He'll dream about the pleasant time of noon
And of the rosy pony Nile green brick
Of smooth ice cream flanked by a silver spoon.

"Twice" with him 'e'en as the lush racoon
Blends with a son of Africa's burning sand,
And joyful he will be from hat to shoe
To know that Learning's kitchen's close at hand.

To breathe the incense rare of silted Samsaras,
Begone, begone, grim dought of ill-fame!
A way, a way from here to other where.

Let the chef make the schoolboy's dinner hot,
Let the professor make the light appear
On gravest problems tough as any knot,
The healthy stomach makes the head that's clear,
Long wave the teacher with the rodfish
Bull his peer.

Zeko Was All Right.
I had met the governor of Tennessee, and had a long and interesting talk with him, and I was rather loathing of the fact to the mountaineer's wife, as we sat chatting during the absence of her husband, when she asked:

"Is he a taller man than my Zeko?"
"No, I don't think so."

"Does he weigh more?"
"Not as much."

"Did he ever tackle a bar with a club?"
"I don't know, but should say not. Perhaps he never saw a wild bear in his life."

"Ever lick a critter in a rough-and-tumble bout?"
"I can't say as to that, though he doesn't look to be a fighter."

"Stranger," she went on, as she ceased her knitting for a moment, "kin that governor of Tennessee, but a 'sinner' he is in the tallest tree in this State with a bullet."

"Probably not, ma'am."

"Would he dare tackle a wild cat which had got among the chickens?"
"I can't say."

"Kin he git on to the bar back of a buckin' mule and stick right thar till the horn blows for dinner and the mule hasn't got no back left?"
"I can't tell you about these things, of

HE KNEW IT ALL.

As a Result He Had to Pay Double Fare.

New York Herald.
A man who lives in Harlem, and who is one of those who fondly imagine they know it all, took his wife the other day and boarded the Empire State express, bound for Schenectady on a long-deferred visit to their married daughter. He frowned on his wife because she showed some timidity, mixed with anticipated pleasure.

"This train doesn't stop at Schenectady?" she said, in the form of an inquiry.

"I guess I know that," he growled.

"We change cars at Albany, don't we?" "Certainly we do," he replied. "Don't you bother yourself. Just leave things to me."

"Will you know when we get to Albany?" she inquired, in a hesitating way.

"Do you take me for an idiot?" he answered. "I wish you would let me run this thing, and I will land you safely at Mary's house without you bothering your head about it."

The woman said nothing more until the train was near Albany. Then she said:

"We change when we cross the river, don't we?"

"I know that just as well as you do, and better, too," he snapped. "Don't make a fool of yourself by showing your ignorance."

Soon the bridge, on which stood some freight cars that blocked a view of the river,

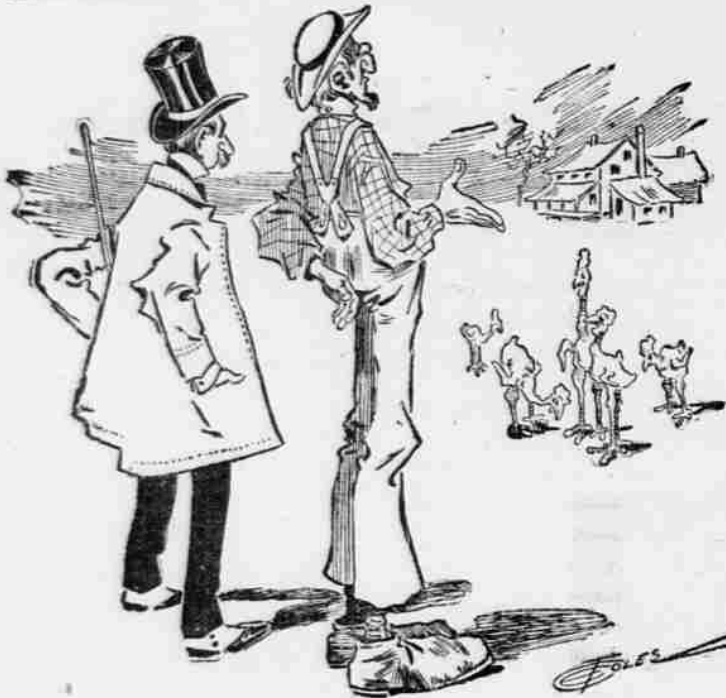
THE INDIGNANT PHARISEE.



"Ow disgusting!"—Judy.



Sister—How do you pass your time away?
Brother—At a pawnbroker's.



New Boarder—Why is it, farmer, that your chickens haven't feathers?
Did the girls in the neighborhood pluck them for feather beds?
Farmer—No, indeed. They had chills 'er las' summer an' shook 'em all off.



"A Good Pick Up."



"A Safe Bit."



"Put Out at Home."



"Foul Out."



"A Foul Fly."



"A One-Ringer."



Governess—Now, Archibald, explain what the poet meant by "The Sweet Lay of the Birds."
Archibald—Eggs.

O bafe! pie, for which there's no fit name,
To culture's bowers you shall not repair;
Vigil and zeal will be a pleasure fair,
Livy with liver, Socrates with soap,
Should lift the pupil to Olympus fair,
And high whereon the meads the glad gods group.

Just assepsis cake and prunes should make
his spirits droop.

Philosophy is very crisp and dry,
And metaphysics is a blooming snare,
From differential calculus all fly
As from a blinded tiger in his lair.

But when those studies with a potted hare
Digested are, 'tis quite another thing.
The schoolboy plods along with conscience rare.

Through Homer while he eats the turkey wing
And with the pork chop's fame makes the blue welkin ring.

When fish and Greek will thus assimilate,
The school bell and the dinner bell are one,
And education will associate
Itself with beef and spurn the mystic bun.

That like the cheese cake when they day is done
Creates dyspepsia with an iron hand
Until the boy the baker shop will shun,
And shout in joy the gods may understand
"Catalus and clam broth, oh combination grand!"

The boy, when grown, upon the bill of fare
Will read the Greek leximeter divine.
Theoreticus will lend a classic air
Unto the blue fish from Nantucket's shrine,
And that quaint poet of the farm salade,
Quintus Horatius Flaccus, B. C. 8—
Along the vegetable list will shine,
And make the hungry scholar's soul elate
While playfully he throws his radishes at fate.

Long live Atlas and the frying pan,
Long live the spelling book and coffee pot,
To foster, from Beersheba unto Dan,
Brains for Bostonian, Hunton, Hotentot.

course. The governor is a very nice man, however, and I shall always be glad that I met him."

"Is he hefty on the wrastle?" she queried, as she looked straight at me.

"I think not."

"Kin he jump nine feet?"
"I presume not, but you see, ma'am—"

"Then, maybe thar's better men than the governor of Tennessee!" she interrupted.

"And maybe my man Zeko ar' one of 'em, and won't feel a bit hurt if yo' say so!"—Detroit Free Press.

GOBE'S PICKPOCKET STORY.

Showing How Strong in Death the Ruling Passion Is.

Exchange.
Preaching at Westminster Abbey a few days ago on moral freedom, which he defined as "the power, external and internal, to be what one ought," and the influence of circumstance and heredity, Canon Gore told a striking story, which he said had come to his ears within the past few days.

A learned professional pickpocket found himself within sight of death, and for the first time in his life had leisure to think during a somewhat protracted illness the reality of the love of God was vividly borne in upon him, and he became, in the deepest sense, converted from darkness to light.

He had received the Sacrament and was in articulo mortis, when the priest, who was reading the commendatory prayer by his bedside, heard a hoarse whisper in his ear. "Look out for your water."

As the clergyman raised his head the man lay dead, with the watch in his hand. "The will," said Canon Gore, "was not strong enough to resist the habitual instinctive motions of the body, yet was strong enough to protest against its own act with the voice."

was crossed, and the train came to a stop in the Albany station.

"Don't we get off here?" she asked.

"No, we don't," he answered. "We have to cross the river first."

"I wish you would let me do the thinking and not make a silly fool of yourself, as you have been doing all day."

"But all the people are getting out," she continued.

"Don't stop them. I tell you we have to cross the river before we are in Albany. There."

"Now we are going again," she said, as the train started.

"Of course we are, and we will be over the river in a minute. I guess I know what I am doing."

Several minutes passed and the train increased its speed. The woman looked more anxious, and then the conductor entered to collect the tickets.

"You should have changed at Albany," he said to the man who knew it all. "You will have to pay your fare to Utica and then take a train to Schenectady."

The fares were paid without question, and Hubby dropped behind his paper without a word. His wife was equally silent, but the expression that settled on her face was an ominous one.

Generous Tommy.
Amiable Mother—Here, Tommy, is some nice castor-oil, with orange in it.

Doctor—Now, remember, don't give it all to Tommy; leave some for me.

Tommy (who has had some before)—Doctor's a nice man, na; give it all to doctor.

Waking Too Much Payin'.
Fond Wife—My Easter bonnet has come, and it's a perfect dream.

Loving Hubby (with the bill)—I'm glad, my love, that you are pleased, but don't let us dream again.

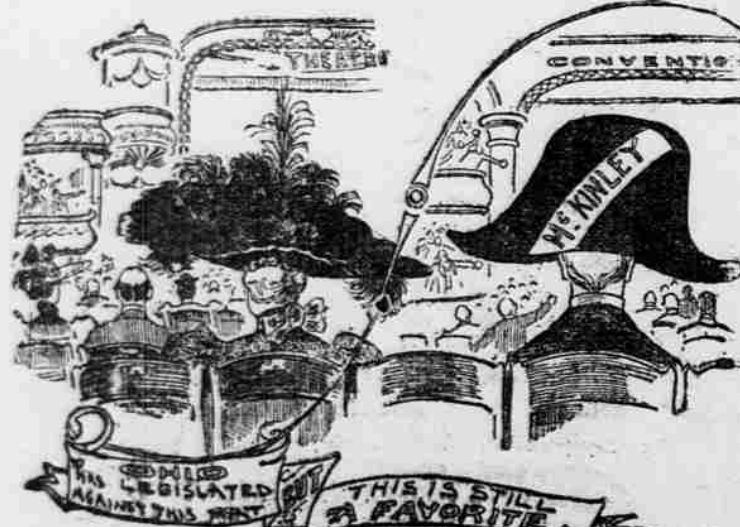
IT'S DIFFERENT NOW.



Bell—Why did the old novels all end with, "And they lived happily ever after?"
Nell—Because the new woman was not known then.



Bell—He is breaking my heart!
Nell—The rascal! Has he jilted you?
Bell—No-o! But he insists on keeping our engagement when I've a better chance.



But One Hat Allowed—Philadelphia Press.